ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS DEADPOOL

MARVEL

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PARENTAL ADVISORY

YEARS AGO, SPIDER-MAN UNWITTINGLY BROUGHT AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL **SYMBIOTE** TO EARTH. IN THE ENSUING YEARS, THE PARASITIC ORGANISM AND ITS MANY OFFSPRING BONDED TO DOZENS OF HEROES AND VILLAINS, TEMPORARILY AMPLIFYING THEIR SUPERHUMAN ABILITIES.

BUT THE SYMBIOTES ALSO LEFT TRACES OF THEIR GENETIC MATERIAL WITHIN THEIR HOSTS. CALLED A **CODEX**, THESE DORMANT CELLS NOW SERVE AS A BEACON, BECKONING THE DEADLY SYMBIOTE **CARNAGE** AS HE COLLECTS THE CODICES TO RESURRECT HIS GOD: **KNULL.**

AS THE ONLY PERSON TO HAVE BONDED WITH **FOUR** SYMBIOTES, DEADPOOL IS A PRIME TARGT FOR CARNAGE. THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH HAD JUST DEFEATED SEVERAL OF CARNAGE'S C-LEVEL CRONIES WHEN HE WAS ATTACKED BY A SYMBIOTE-WEARING NORMAN OSBORN!

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS DEADPOOL

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SLLLSH

RRRPPPP

WOLVERINE CLAWS...

CHKKKKKK

...WHY'D IT HAVE TO BE WOLVERINE CLAWS?

ALTHOUGH, EXTRA POINTS FOR ALSO BEING ABLE TO RE-CREATE HIS "*EAU DE COLD CUTS*" STENCH.

WHY THE CLAWS? SIMPLE, REALLY. IT'S ALL ABOUT HAVING THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE RIGHT JOB...

WHETHER IT'S CRACKING SOMEONE'S SKULL OPEN...

CRAK

...OR CUTTING THEIR LUNGS OUT...

SLICE

...OR JUST CRUSHING THE VERY LIFE OUT OF THEM.

SEE WHAT I'M SAYING?

STARTING TO...ACK... YEAH.

BY THE WAY...

CRUSH

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...THINK I'M READY FOR THE TICKLER TOOL NOW.

INAPPROPRIATE OR REGULAR, I'LL LET YOU DECIDE.

ALWAYS THE BUFFOON, WILSON, EVEN IN THE FACE OF DEATH. THE AMAZING THING IS, YOU DON'T REALIZE HOW SPECIAL YOU ARE.

SURE I DO! WHY, I EVEN GOT A GOLD STAR IN KINDERGARTEN ONCE.

BUT I KIND OF RUINED THAT LATER IN THE DAY BY PULLING A CLASSMATE'S HAIR.

AND MICROWAVING THE CLASS GERBIL.

AND PEEING IN THE SCHOOL SANDBOX.

ALTHOUGH I WAS IN MY TWENTIES WHEN THAT LAST THING HAPPENED, COME TO THINK OF IT...

SIMPLY PUT, YOUR SPECIALNESS TO KNULL LIES IN THE FACT THAT YOU'VE MERGED WITH FOUR SYMBIOTES. OR, TO PUT IT ANOTHER WAY...

...YOU'RE A DAMNED UNICORN.

HMM. I DON'T QUITE FEEL LIKE A UNICORN, TO BE HONEST. MAYBE SOME OTHER KIND OF MYTHOLOGICAL CREATURE, THOUGH.

LIKE A CYCLOPS. OR A MINOTAUR.

OR A NON-CREEPY ENGLISH PROFESSOR.

WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO FEEL LIKE...

...IS A MAN WITHOUT A SPINE.

NOW, HOLD STILL. THIS WON'T HURT A BIT.

YEAH, WELL...I'VE SORT OF GROWN ATTACHED TO MY SPINE, YA KNOW? BUT MAYBE THERE'S ANOTHER BODY PART OF MINE I COULD INTEREST YOU IN INSTEAD?

A MIDDLE FINGER, PERHAPS?

THWIP

OR, NORMAN...

...CAN I INTEREST YOU IN A NICE FIST TO THE FACE AS AN ALTERNATIVE, MAYBE?

FOLLOWED BY A KICK IN YOUR CRAZY BUTT? HECK, IF YOU ACT NOW, I'LL EVEN THROW IN A THREE STOOGES-STYLE EYE POKE FREE OF CHARGE! JUST PAY SEPARATE SHIPPING AND HANDLING.

SPIDER-MAN!

AND FOR THE LAST TIME--IT'S CLETUS!

SLSSSH

CLETUS?

YEAH, I DUNNO...HE THINKS HE'S CLETUS KASADY, FOR SOME REASON.

SOMETHING SIMILAR ACTUALLY HAPPENED TO ME ONCE. TOOK A BULLET TO THE HEAD AND WOKE UP THINKING I WAS LITTLE BO PEEP. LONG STORY SHORT, I...

WELL, I DON'T REALLY WANT TO TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO MY SHEEP.

THWIP

YEAH, NO...I'M GOOD.

ALREADY REGRETTING THIS CAVALRY SAVE, BY THE WAY.

AS YOU SHOULD BE.

THWIP

THWIP

AFTER ALL, HERE I WAS MERELY CONTENT TO OFFER UP DEADPOOL AS A SACRIFICE TO MY LORD KNULL...

UH-OH... THIS MIGHT SMART A BIT.

...AND NOW I CAN DELIVER A LOVELY GIFT OF SPIDER-MAN, AS WELL.

OOOF!

KRAK

AAGH!

SLASH

EH...I DON'T THINK EITHER ME OR SPIDEY MAKE THE BEST OF GIFTS, TO BE HONEST.

NOW, ONE OF THEM FUNKY RECLINER CHAIRS THAT MASSAGE YOUR BUTT, THAT'S WHAT AN INSANE SYMBIOTE SPACE GOD WOULD WANT, IF YA ASK ME.

SKIT

WOULDN'T WE ALL.

NOW KEEP IT UP, WADE...

SKIT SKIT SKIT SKIT

... I THINK WE'VE GOT NORMAN CLETUS ON THE ROPES HERE.

NORMAN CLETUS IS A LITTLE CLUNKY. MARKETING WILL NEVER GO FOR IT.

BAM

HOW ABOUT JUST NORMUS INSTEAD? HERE, I'LL USE IT IN A SENTENCE:

"WATCH AS WE BEAT THE CRAZY OUT OF THIS 'NORMUS PIECE OF--"

SKRIIIKKKKK

OOPS, SORRY... I WAS FAKING, BOYS. JUST PLAYING, YOU SEE.

BAD HABIT OF MINE, I MUST ADMIT. MOMMA ALWAYS SAID I PLAYED WITH MY FOOD TOO MUCH. SHE WAS RIGHT.

WASN'T ALL BAD, THOUGH YOU SEE

...I ALWAYS DID LEAVE ROOM FOR DESSERT.

UHHH... DESSERT? THAT MEAN HE'S GONNA EAT US?

CHUK

WELL, I HOPE YOU GIVE HIM A MEAN CASE OF SPIDERRHEA. BUT IF HE WANTS TO EAT ME, HE'S GONNA HAVE A HARD TIME...

...'CAUSE MY ASS IS A TO-GO ORDER.

WAIT... WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

I'M SAYING SHOOTING AND STABBING HIM AREN'T WORKING AND, REALLY, THOSE ARE MY ONLY TWO GO-TO'S. IT'S PRETTY CLEAR WE CAN'T BEAT HIM.

AND SINCE WE'VE ALREADY ESTABLISHED THAT I'M A BAD FRIEND...

BLAM BLAM BLAM

...A FRIEND THAT YOU THOUGHT SO LITTLE OF THAT YOU DEMANDED HE GO TO A MENTAL INSTITUTION OR ELSE BE CUT OFF...

...I'M NOW CUTTING *YOU* OFF.

AND CUTTING OUT.

WHAT? YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! YOU--

BLAM BLAM BLAM

OH, I THINK HE'S DEAD SERIOUS...

WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAM

AHHHHH!

...AND NOW YOU'RE JUST DEAD."

HMM. CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG.

...BUT I SENT YOU TO GET ME DEADPOOL, AND WHILE THEY'RE BOTH ANNOYING AS HELL AND SORT OF LOOK ALIKE...

THAT AIN'T HIM.

REGRETTABLY, HE ESCAPED. THOUGHT BRINGING YOU A SPIDER TO SQUASH WOULD BE THE NEXT BEST THING.

YEAH, WELL...YA FIGURED RIGHT

ALSO DON'T...*AHH*...MAKE LAME JOKES ABOUT... CHIMICHANGAS AND...

BEA ARTHUR...

NEXT... *UHHH*...BEST THING? COME ON... I'M A BETTER CATCH THAN... DEADPOOL...

I...DON'T STAB MY FRIENDS...*UHH*... IN THE BACK... FOR ONE THING...

YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU WANT ABOUT ME...

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...BUT I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'M JUST GONNA STAND HERE AND HAVE YOU BAD-MOUTH BEA ARTHUR.

SURPRISE! GUESS WHO DECIDED TO TRADE HIMSELF FOR SPIDER-MAN?

THAT'S RIGHT...I GOT TO THINKING. I MAY BE A BAD DANCER, COOK, AND METEOROLOGIST... BUT I'M NOT GONNA BE A BAD FRIEND, TOO.

YOU'RE AN IDIOT...IS WHAT YOU ARE. APPRECIATE... THE ATTEMPTED SAVE...

BUT YOU KNOW THEY'RE JUST GONNA KILL THE BOTH OF US, DON'T YOU?

NAH. CARNAGE WOULDN'T DO THAT, WOULD YA, CARNAGE OL' PAL? OL' CHUM? OL' PLEASE-DON'T-KILL-ME-I'LL-BE-YOUR-BEST-FRIEND-IF-YOU-DON'T?

HEH. HEH. I THINK THE WALL-CRAWLER MIGHT BE ONTO SOMETHING THERE.

AND I THINK...

...I MAY NOT HAVE ENTIRELY THOUGHT THIS THROUGH.

YA THINK?

GOTTA HAND IT TO YA, WILSON.

YOU'RE THE ONLY GUY CRAZIER THAN ME

SHUNK!

WAIT A SEC... YOUR SPINE

FEELS... STRANGE

I FELT STRANGE ONCE. ALTHOUGH I DON'T THINK STEPHEN REALLY NEEDED THE RESTRAINING ORDERS THAT FOLLOWED, TO BE HONEST.

ANYWAY... SO LONG, SPIDEY! DON'T SAY I NEVER DID ANYTHING FOR YA!

WADE... WHAT DID YOU DO?

AARRRR

I AM CRAZY. CRAZIER THAN YOU. CRAZIER THAN JUST ABOUT ANYBODY.

BUT SOMETIMES-- JUST SOMETIMES, MIND YOU--

Goes the Dynamite

--I'M CRAZY LIKE A GORILLA.

OH #%£$.

BOOO

OH, NO. WADE...?

OH, PLEASE DON'T BE DEAD, PLEASE DON'T BE DEAD, PLEASE DON'T BE DEAD...

OOF, SURE LOOKS LIKE THIS DOPPELGANGER GOON IS. GUESS HE PLAYED THE GOOD LITTLE SOLDIER AND JUMPED ON THE GRENADE FOR HIS PSYCHO CULT LEADER.

GRRRAAR.

YIKES! MAYBE NOT SO DEAD AFTER ALL! HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I TOSS YOU OVER THERE, TALL, DARK, AND MURDERY!

UHHHH...

AAAAAAH!

WADE! OH, THANK GOD. WELL PLAYED, BUDDY. ONE LITTLE THING I FEEL I GOTTA POINT OUT, THOUGH...

IT'S LIKE A FOX. NOT A GORILLA. CRAZY LIKE A FOX.

LIKE A FOX? NO WAY. IT'S LIKE A GORILLA. GORILLAS ARE NUTS, MAN. THE WOMEN KIDNAPPING, THE BUILDING CLIMBING...AND THE FECES THROWING. SO MUCH FECES THROWING.

I... AH, NEVER MIND.

ON A DIFFERENT NON-GORILLA NOTE, THOUGH...

WHERE THE @&*# ARE MY LEGS?

YEAH, ABOUT THAT... SORRY, PAL. LOOKS LIKE THEY WENT ALL APOLLO 13 ON YOU.

NOT THAT WE'LL HAVE TIME TO RETRIEVE THEM. CLETUS AND NORMAN ARE ALREADY COMING TO.

THAT'S OKAY. I'LL JUST RIDE ON YOUR BACK LIKE YODA IN *EMPIRE* TO MAKE OUR ESCAPE.

OOOOH... SUCH TIGHT BUTTOCKS HAVE YOU, YOUNG JEDI.

BUDDY...

"...REGRETTING SAVING YOUR LIFE AGAIN, I AM."

DING DING DING

WEEKS LATER.
A CRUMMY DEADPOOL SAFE HOUSE SOMEWHERE...

HELLLOOOOOOOOOO!

WHAT'S TAKING SO LONG? THESE FEET AREN'T GOING TO MASSAGE THEMSELVES, YOU KNOW!

AH, THERE YOU ARE. ABOUT DAMNED TIME. HEY... ARE THOSE BROWNIES BURNT? THEY SMELL BURNT TO ME.

AND IT'S NOT TIME FOR THANOS PUPPET THEATER, BY THE WAY. THAT COMES AFTER SPONGE BATH MONDAYS. YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT BY NOW. ALSO...

THIS *MAXIMUM CARNAGE* GAME YOU BOUGHT ME SUCKS.

YOU KNOW, WADE...

I MOVED IN HERE WITH YOU, WAITING ON YOU HAND AND FOOT WHILE YOUR SPINE AND LEGS HEALED...

HOW MUCH LONGER IS THAT GOING TO TAKE, BY THE WAY? SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE USUALLY A FASTER HEALER THAN THIS.

NOT FOR A SPINE, THOUGH.

SPINES ARE LIKE THE "*PIZZA WITH PINEAPPLE ON IT*" OF BODY PARTS TO HEAL.

STILL...

A LITTLE APPRECIATION WOULD BE...WELL, APPRECIATED.

APPRECIATED? APPRECIATED... *SNIFF SNIFF*...YOU SAY? YOU KNOW... *SNIFF*...WHAT'S NOT APPRECIATED?

ME.

AND HOW I SAVED US BOTH FROM THE CULT OF CRAPPAGE...*SNIFF*... AND NOW I CAN'T WALK.

IN FACT... I THINK YOU'RE ONLY DOING THIS OUT OF GUILT. NOT BECAUSE YOU'RE MY FRIEND. *SNIFF SNIFF*!

NOW, THAT'S NOT TRUE. IN FACT, THIS ENTIRE EPISODE HAS MADE ME REALIZE I WAS WRONG.

YEAH, YOU'RE AN INSANE PAIN IN THE ASS THAT'LL MORE THAN LIKELY EVENTUALLY GET ME KILLED...BUT YOU'RE MY FRIEND.

AND I ACCEPT YOU FOR WHO YOU ARE.

SNIFF THAT'S NICE OF YOU TO... *SNIFF*... SAY.

AND I HOPE YOU ACCEPT YOU'RE GONNA GO MAKE ME SOME MORE BROWNIES RIGHT NOW, RIGHT?

RIGHT.

HMM. HE DROPPED THE THANOS PUPPET ON THE FLOOR.

YOU KNOW WHAT? I THINK I ***WILL*** GO FOR SOME THANOS PUPPET THEATER RIGHT NOW.

"HEY, I'M THANOS! I'M GOING TO SNAP MY FINGERS AND MAKE HALF THE UNIVERSE DISAPPEAR!

"BUT, HEY... MAYBE JUST PEOPLE NOBODY LIKES THIS TIME? LIKE HIPSTERS, VEGANS, METER MAIDS, AND...

"...WOLVERINE'S MOM..."

YOU. CAN. WALK?!

UM... DEFINE "WALK."

IT'S WHAT YOU'RE NOT GONNA BE ABLE TO DO IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES.

HEY, I'VE ONLY BEEN ABLE TO WALK FOR, LIKE...I DUNNO, SEVERAL WEEKS NOW. LIKE, AS SOON AS MY LEGS GREW BACK. LIKE, LITERALLY FIVE MINUTES LATER. LIKE...

AND THIS IS NOT HELPING, IS IT?

WHAT...WHAT ABOUT ACCEPTING ME FOR WHO I AM? WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT? WHAT HAPPENED TO--

ARGHHHHH

BANG

POW

SMASH

THE END.

KELLY
THOMPSON

CHRIS
BACHALO

YOU SHOULD SEE HIM IN A CROWN.

DEADPOOL

№1

ON SALE NEXT MONTH!